

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—Shakespeare.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1824.

NO. 5.

THE OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietors, at two dollars per annum, payable semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted, and on the usual terms.

All letters, addressed to the publisher, must be post paid.

The Publisher, also, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

POETRY.

Lines dy the late Rev. RICHARD CECIL, on the death of a child

"Let me go, for the day breaketh,"

"Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondlest mother, drown'd in woe,
Now thy kind caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go.

"See you orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day—
Hark! a voice of gladness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

"Lately launch'd a trembling stranger
On this world's wide and boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrow—toss'd with danger,
Gladly, I return to God.

"Weep not o'er these eyes that languish
Upward turn'd towards their home,
Raptur'd, they'll forget all anguish
While they wait to see thee come.

"Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee—
Now my trembling heart finds rest,
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow, than thy breast.

"There, my mother, pleasures centre,
Weeping, parting, care or woe
Ne'er our father's house shall enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

"As through the calm and holy dawning
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning
Gently close my eyes in death.

"Blessings endless, richest blessings
Pour their streams upon my heart,
Though no language yet possessing,
Breathes my spirit o'er me part.

"Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again His voice I hear—
Rise, may every grace attend thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there."

From the American Statesman.

Fare thee well! too soon we parted!
Much too soon the trace will fade,
Which the friendship of a moment
On thy mind and heart hath made.

Other thoughts have soon possessed thee,
Older friends thy heart engage;
And the one so lately cherished,
Is erased from memory's page.

But when future woes assail thee—
When thy little joys have flown,
And, thy better friends departed,
Thou art left to weep alone,

Think of her, whose proffer'd friendship
To thy bosom late was dear,
Who, if present would console thee,
And repress the rising tear.

CYNTHIA.

PARIS.....SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1824.

MOVEMENTS ON THE PRESIDENCY.

Standing upon a neutral acme, it is our duty to cast a watchful eye around us and view the various evolutions upon the Presidential question with unbiased feelings—and to present, without fear or favor, all the light that may break forth to our view, by the interchange of sentiment in different sections of our State and country. That much anxiety is felt, relative to this subject, as well in this section of the State as elsewhere, we are well aware—and hence the extracts which follow are as lucid as our limits will permit. By them, it will be seen that in Hancock County three candidates have been nominated, each by a different meeting, as candidates for Electors for Hancock and Washington Electoral District—and, at two of said meetings corresponding committees were raised: who, in addition to other duties, were instructed to draft an address to the Electors of said District, previous to the election.

LINCOLN CONVENTION.

At a meeting of Delegates from the several towns and plantations in the County of Lincoln, assembled agreeably to previous public notice, at Myrick's tavern, in Nobleborough, on the 29th June, John Neal Esq. being chosen Chairman, and Daniel Quinsan Secretary—STEPHEN PARSONS, Esq. was selected as a candidate for an Elector of President and Vice President of the United States, to be supported within the Lincoln Congressional District—HON. EZEKIEL HENRIKSEN, as a candidate for the next Congress, within said district—JONAS WHEELER, Stephen Parsons, Joseph F. Wingate, and Ephraim Rollins, Esquires, as candidates for the Senate, within said county.

Resolved, That this Convention concur with the members of the Legislature of Maine, in their nomination of JOHN Q. ADAMS as a candidate for the next Presidency.

Resolved, That this convention concur with the members of the Legislature of Maine, in their recommendation of the Hon. James Campbell, of Harrington, and the Hon. Thomas Fillebrown, of Winthrop, as the two

Electors of President and Vice President, to be chosen at large.
JOHN NEAL, Chairman.
DANIEL QUINNAM, Secretary.

WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

A Convention composed of friends to the election of the Hon. JOHN Q. ADAMS, to the office of President of the United States, from most of the towns in the County of Washington, was holden, pursuant to previous notice, at the old Court-House, in Machias, July 1st, 1824. The Hon. James Campbell was appointed Chairman, and the Hon. Jeremiah O'Brien, Secretary.

Voted Unanimously, That this Convention support a candidate for elector of President and Vice-President, at the election in November next, avowedly in favor of J. Q. Adams, as President.

Voted, That this Convention will support the Hon. Thomas Fillebrown, of Winthrop, and the Hon. James Campbell, of Harrington, as Electors of President and Vice-President, to be chosen at large.

Voted, That this meeting adjourn, to be convened at this place, on Thursday the 23d day of September next.
JAMES CAMPBELL, Chairman.
J. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

At a meeting of a number of citizens from different parts of the County of Washington, holden at the new Court House, in Machias, on the evening of the 1st of July, 1824, in conformity to previous notice, the Hon. John Dickinson was called to the chair, and A. G. Chandler elected Secretary.

It was resolved, that three persons be elected a committee to nominate a suitable person for an elector of President and Vice-President of the United States, and to report what measures should be adopted by this meeting in relation to the Presidential election. Samuel A. Morse, Stephen Emery, and Solomon Thayer, Esquires, were elected as that Committee, and reported that the Hon. HARRIS G. BALCH, is a suitable person for an Elector, and that he be nominated and recommended to this Electoral District as a candidate for that office: that we will support those persons for President and Vice President of the United States, who, at the time of the election of Electors shall, all things considered, appear to be the men of the people; which report was read and accepted.

It was further resolved that we approve the nomination of the Hon. JOSHUA GAGE, of Augusta, and Hon. WILLIAM CHADWICK, of Portland, as Electors at large. JOHN DICKINSON, Chairman.
ASXON G. CHANDLER, Secretary.

HANCOCK COUNTY CONVENTION.

At a meeting of delegates from the several towns in the County of Hancock, convened agreeably to previous public notice, Hon. Andrew Wilbur, was chosen Chairman, and Mellem Chamberlain, Secretary. Hon. Lemuel Trevellick, of Lubec, was elected as a candidate for an elector of President and Vice President of the United States, to be supported within the Hancock and Washington District—Hon. Ebenezer Poor, as candidate for the next Congress within said District—Aaron Holbrook, and Mellem Chamberlain, as candidates for the Senate from said County of Hancock.

Resolved—That we concur with the members of the Legislature of Maine, in their nomination of JOHN Q. ADAMS as a candidate for the next Presidency.

Resolved—That we unite with the members of the Legislature in their recommendation of the Honorable James Campbell, of Harrington, and the Hon. Thomas Fillebrown, of Winthrop as the two electors of President and Vice President to be chosen at large.

ANDREW WILBUR, Chairman.
MELELL CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.
Castine, July 14, 1824.

HANCOCK CONVENTION.

At a meeting of Democratic Republicans from several towns in said County, holden at Castine on Thursday the 16th day of July, 1824, in conformity to previous notice given by the County Committee, Mark Shepard, Esq. of Surry, was called to the chair and Charles Hutchings, Jr. Esq. of Penobscot, chosen Secretary.

Hon. DANIEL MERRILL, of Sedgwick, was nominated as a suitable person, for an Elector of President and Vice-President—Hon. J. O'BRIEN for Representative to Congress—Hon. SAMUEL WHITNEY, of Brooks, and MARK SHEPARD, Esq. of Surry, for Senators.
CHARLES HUTCHINGS, Jr. Secretary.

At a meeting of a number of Republicans favorable to the election of WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD for President of the United States from different parts of the County of Hancock, holden at the Court-House in Castine, on Friday the 16th of July, 1824, Col. J. Wardwell was called to the chair, and Samuel D. Reed elected Secretary.

It was resolved to concur in the nomination of the Hon. HARRIS G. BALCH, by the citizens of the County of Washington, at Machias, on the 1st of July, 1824, as a candidate for an Elector of President and Vice-President of the U. S.

Resolved, That we approve of the nomination of the Hon. JOSHUA GAGE, of Augusta, and the Hon. WILLIAM CHADWICK, of Portland, as Electors at large.

Signed, JEREMIAH WARDWELL, Chairman.
SAMUEL D. REED, Secretary.

We give the following excommunication of the Rev. Mr. Hogan, a Roman Catholic Priest, of the city of Philadelphia, not for the purpose of injuring the feelings of any one; but knowing that many of our readers are wholly unacquainted with the sentiments of Roman Catholics and their system of Church government—it will, of course, be new to them.

It appears that the cause of this excommunication was this. There were two candidates for the church, about which the members were so much divided, as to cause two or three riots, and they finally ended, about two years since, in the following

EXCOMMUNICATION.

"By the authority of God Almighty, the father, Son and Holy Ghost and the undivided Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all celestial virtues, Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubim and Seraphim; and of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles and Evangelists, of the Holy Innocents, who in the sight of the holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song of the Holy Martyrs and Holy confessions,

and of the Holy Virgins and of all saints together with the Holy Elect of God—may he, William Hogan, be damned.

We excommunicate and anathematise him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented, despised and be delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord, 'depart from us for we desire none of thy ways'—as a fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forevermore, unless, it shall repent him, and make satisfaction, Amen!

May the Father who created, man curse him! May the Son who suffered for us curse him!—May the Holy Ghost who suffered for us in baptism curse him!—May the Holy Cross which Christ for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him.

May the Holy and Eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God curse him! May St. Michael, the advocate of the holy souls curse him! May all the Angels, Archangels, principalities and powers, and all Heavenly armies curse him!

May the praiseworthy multitude of Patriarchs and Prophets, curse him!

May St. John the Precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew and all other of Christ's Apostles together curse him! and may the rest of the disciples, and our Evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universe, and the holy and wonderful company of Martyrs and confessors who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, may the holy choir of the Holy Virgins, who for the honor of Christ, have despised things of the world, damn him. May all the saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages, who are found to be beloved of God, damn him.

May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or in the stable, the garden or the field, or the highway or in the woods, or in the water, or in the church; may he be cursed in living and dying.

May he be cursed in eating and in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering and in sitting, in waking, in resting, and in blood letting!

May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body!

May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly; may he be cursed in his brain, and in his vertex, in his temples, in his eyebrows, in his cheeks, in his jawbones, in his nostrils, in his teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his arms to his fingers!

May he be damned in his mouth, in his breasts, in his heart and purturance, down the very stomach!

May he be cursed in his reins, and in his groins; in his thighs, in his genitals and in his hips, and in his knees, his legs and feet, and toe nails!

May he be cursed in all his joints, and articulations of his members; from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, may there be no soundness!

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty curse him! And may Heaven with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him, and curse and damn him; unless he repent and make satisfaction!

Amen. To Be It. Be It So, Amen!

The following is an extract from a narrative of the campaign against Quebec, 1775—By JOHN JOSEPH HENRY, Esq. He was, at that time, a stripling only sixteen years of age, and clandestinely left his father, who lived in Pennsylvania to join the army, in this ill-fated expedition, under Arnold. After the revolution he was appointed to one of the highest judicial offices in his native State, and about that time, he compiled this narrative for his children. It is written with much simplicity, and details with feeling the uncommon hardships and perils of that hardy band.

When morning came the river presented a most frightful aspect: it had risen at least eight feet, and flowed with terrifying rapidity. None but the most strong and active boatmen entered the boats. The army marched on the south side of the river, making large circuits to avoid the overflows of the intervals or bottom lands. This was one of the most fatiguing marches we had as yet performed, though the distance was not great in a direct line. But having no path and being necessitated to climb the steep, steep hills, and that without food, for we took none with us, thinking the boats would be near us all day. In the evening we arrived at the fall of four feet, which was mentioned when ascending the river. Alas! all the boats of the army were on the opposite side of the river. The pitch of the fall made a dreadful noise, and the current ran with immense velocity. We sat down on the bank sorely pinched by hunger, looking wistfully towards our friends beyond the torrent, who were in possession of all the provisions, tents and camp equipage. Convinced however, that the most adventurous boatman would not dare the passage, for the sake of accommodating any of us. We were mistaken. There were two men, and only two who had skill and courage to dare it. Need I mention Simpson on an occasion like this, he named; he, accompanied by John Tidd, entered his empty boat. What skill in a boatman! what attitude with the paddle was here exhibited. The principal body of the water ran over the middle of the fall, and created a foaming and impetuous torrent, in some measure resembling, at this particular time, of a very high freshet, that of the Oswego-falls, which had been known to me ere this. The river was about 150, or 200 yards in breadth, counting on the increase of water by the rains. The force of the central current, naturally formed considerable eddies at each side of the river, close under the pitch. Simpson now disclosed his amazing skill. Though there was an eddy, even that was frightful, he came by its mean nearly under the pitch, and trying to obtain an exact start, failed. The stream forced his boat down the river, but he recovered and brought it up. Now we, who were trembling for the fate of our friend, and anxious for our own accommodation, began to fear he might be drawn under the pitch. Quick, almost in a moment, Simpson was with us. He called in his

loud voice to Robert Dixon, James Old (a messmate) and myself to enter the boat—We entered immediately. He pushed off; attempted the start by favor of the hither eddy, which was the main thing—we failed. Returning to the shore, we were assailed by a numerous band of soldiers, hungry, and anxious to be with their companions. Simpson told them he could not carry more with safety, and would return for them. Henry M'Annaly, a tall Irishman, who could not from experience, comprehend the danger, jumped into the boat, he was followed by three or four other inconsiderate men. The countenance of Simpson changed, his soul and mine were intimate. "O God," said he, "men we shall all die." They would not recede. Again we approached the pitch; it was horrible. The batteaux swam deep, almost ungovernable by the paddle. Attempting again to essay the departure—we failed. The third trial was made: it succeeded. As lightning we darted athwart the river. Simpson with his paddle, governed the stern. The worthy Tidd in the bow. Dixon and myself, our guns stuck in the railing of the batteaux, but without paddles, sat in the stern next to Simpson. Mr. Old was in the bow near Tidd. Henry M'Annaly was adjoining Mr. Old. The other men sat between the stern and bow. Simpson called to the men in the bow, to lay hold of the birch bushes—the boat struck the shore forcibly: they caught hold, M'Annaly in particular. (This was in the tail of the eddy,) but like children, their holds slipped, at the only spot where we could have been saved; for the boat had been judiciously and safely brought up. Letting go their holds, the bow came round to the stream, and the stern struck the shore. Simpson, Dixon, and myself, now caught the bushes, but being by this time thrown into the current, the strength of the water made the withes, as so many straws in our hands. The stern again swung round: the bow came again ashore. Mr. Old, Tidd, and M'Annaly, and the rest sprang to the land to save their lives. Doing this, at our cost, their heels forced the boat across the current. Though we attempted to steady it, the boat swagged. In a moment after, at thirty feet off shore, it being broad side to the current, turned; borne under, in spite of all our force, by the fury of the stream. The boat upsetting, an expression, as going into the water, fell from me. "Simpson we are going to heaven." My fall was head-foremost. Simpson came after me—his heels, at the depth of fifteen feet or more, were upon my head and neck; and those grinding on the gravel. We rose nearly together, your father first—my friend followed. The art of swimming, in which, I thought myself an adept, was tried, but it was a topsy-turvy business. The force of the water threw me often heels-over-head.

In the course of this voyage, after a few hundred yards, Simpson was at my side, but the force of the stream, prevented the exertion of swimming; yet the impetuosity of the current, kept us up. It drove us to the other side of the river, against a long ridge of perpendicular rocks of great extent: Luckily in the course of some hundred yards, the current changed, and brought us perforce to the north side of the river. Floating along with my head just above water—prayers in sincere penitence having been uttered, a boat's crew of the eastern men, handed me a pole. It was gripped as by the hand of death—but gripped the pole remained to me. The strength of water was such, that the boat would inevitably have upset, if the boatman had kept his hold. A glance of the eye informed me, that my companion in misfortune, had shared the same fate. Resigned into the bosom of my Saviour, my eyes became closed; the death appeared to me, a hard one; sensibility in a great degree forsook me. Driving with the current some hundreds of yards more, the most palpable feeling recollected, was the striking of my breast against a root or hard substance. My head came above water. Breathing ensued; at the same moment Simpson raised his head out of the water, his gold-laced hat on it, crying "Oh!" neither of us could have crept out: we should have there died; but for the assistance of Edward Cavanaugh, an Irishman, an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of "Honest Ned." Passing from the lower part of the river, he happened to come to the eddy, at the instant of time my breast struck. He cried out "Lord Johnny! is this you?" and instantly dragged me out of the water. Simpson immediately appearing, he did him the same good office. Lying on the earth perhaps twenty minutes, the water pouring from me, a messenger from the camp came to rouse us. Roused, we went to it. But all eyes looked out for Dixon, all hearts were waiting for his loss. It was known he could not swim, but none of us could recollect whether he had dropped into the water or had adhered to the boat. In some time we had the inexpressible pleasure of Dixon in our company. He had stuck to the side of the boat, which lodged on a vast pile of drift wood some miles below, and in this way he was saved.

The nine points of the law—1st, a good deal of money—2d, a good deal of patience—3d, a good case—4th, a good attorney—5th a good counsel—6th a good evidence—7th a good jury—8th a good judge—and after all you will be defeated unless you have, 9th, good luck!

OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY MORN. AUG. 5, 1824.

The following lines, which are copied from the "American Sketches," we presume would be acceptable to our readers, at any time: and we anticipate they will receive a more hearty greeting at this time, in connection with the description of that desperate fight, which is given in this day's paper.

LOVELL'S POND.

The scene in 1725, of a desperate encounter with the savages.

In the earth's verdant bosom, still, crumbling and cold,
Sleep the soldiers who mingled in battle of old;
They rushed to the slaughter, they struggled, and fell,
And the claron of glory was heard in their knell.
Those brave men have long been unconscious and dead,
The pines murmur sadly above their green bed,
And the owl and the raven chant loudly and drear,
When the moon-beam o'er Lovell's Pond shines on their bier.

The light of the sun has just sunk in the wave,
Oh, in billows of blood sat the sun of the brave;
The waters complain as they roll o'er the stones,
And the rank grass encircles a few scatter'd bones.

The eye that was sparkling no longer is bright,
The arm of the mighty death conquer'd its might;
The bosoms that once for their country beat high,
To those bosoms the sods of the valley are nigh.

The shout of the hunter is loud on the hill,
And sounds sofly echo o'er forest and rill;
But the jangling of arms shall be heard of no more,
Where the heroes of Lovell's Pond slumber in gore.

Serious Accident.—Capt. Jonathan Morse, of Livermore, had, by the starting of his horse which hove him from his wagon, his thigh broken and ankle put out, on one side. His other leg was broken so, that the bones pricked through three inches. His horse was frightened by the noise of two scythes which he had in the carriage, and his guide lines parted, which prevented his stopping the horse.

MARRIED.

In Andover, Mr. Abraham J. Gould, of the firm of Flagg & Gould, printers, to Miss Mary B. Brown, of Tewksbury.

In Duxbury, N. Hampshire, Mr. Jared Chapin, aged eighty, to Miss Sally Fassett, aged twenty. This beats all water. What could have induced the young lady to throw herself into the arms of so old a man?

O! 'twas Love, 'twas Love!
Love ruled and she obey'd.

In Woodstock, Vt. Mr. Daniel Getz, aged sixty-five, to Miss Ann Fryman, aged fifteen. The son of the groom had previously married a sister of the bride.

DIED.

In this Village, yesterday, at 12 o'clock M. Andrew, child of Mr. Jacob Jackson, aged 2 months.

In Hallowell, 26th of July last, Nathaniel Perley, Esq. aged 61. The deceased was for many years a distinguished Advocate at the Bar, of which, when he died, he was one of the oldest members.

At New-York, Peter Lyon, Esq. in the 30th year of his age.—It was before him, Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, brought Maj. Andre for examination, and by whose orders he was sent to Gen. Washington, at headquarters.

In Freetown, Assonet, 10th ult. Mrs. Amy Winslow, wife of Mr. George Winslow, aged 63 years.

At Stockton, Chataque county, New-York, on the 6th ult. Rev. Ebenezer Smith, in the 90th year of his age.—For more than 70 of the last years of his life he was engaged as a Baptist Minister.

At Paris, (Fr.) Gen. Murray, aged 85 years, 60 of which he had been in the British service in different parts of the world. He was twelve years a prisoner of war during Napoleon's reign.

Also, Mrs. Atkinson, aged 58. She had been the mother of 21 children, all of whom fell victims to the small pox and typhus fever.

In the Township of Compton, L. Canada, on the evening of the 19th of June, in his 85th year, Mr. Nathan Caswell, leaving an aged wife with whom he has lived in mutual peace for sixty-three years—and who has given birth to fourteen children, 12 of whom are now living; they have also had 133 Grand Children, and 32 great grand children. Mr. Caswell was a soldier in the old French war, held a Captain's commission in the Revolution, and although upwards of seventy years of age, was an active Soldier in the last war.

OXFORD NOMINATION.

FOR GOVERNOR.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

AT LARGE.

Hon. Thomas Fillebrown,

OF WINTHROP, and

Hon. James Campbell,

OF HARRINGTON.

OXFORD ELECTORAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Benjamin Chandler,

OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

OXFORD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Hon. Enoch Lincoln.

OF PARIS.

FOR SENATORS TO THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

OXFORD COUNTY.

Hon. Cornelius Holland,

OF CANTON, and

Hon. James W. Ripley,

OF FRYEBURG.

Hon. Joshua Gage,

OF AUGUSTA, and

Hon. William Chadwick,

OF FORTLAND.

are also in nomination for electors of President and Vice President, to be chosen at large.

COMMUNICATIONS.

OXFORD CONVENTION.....AGAIN.

Having seen in the last Observer a statement, by Samuel F. Brown, Esq. of some of the proceedings of the Oxford Convention, and believing him to be mistaken in many particulars I have deemed it advisable to submit the facts as I, and others, understood them to be.

In relation to the passage of the Resolve in favor of Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell, I refer to the subjoined statement.

Mr. Brown has also thought proper to give a history of the motives which induced the members to vote for Dr. Chandler. He says, "Those who voted for Judge Chandler, did it under the assurance of gentlemen of the Convention who had conversed with him on that day, that he was decided for Mr. Adams." On what authority Mr. Brown makes this round assertion is perhaps known to himself; but so far as it applies to me, at least, of such members, it is not true. I voted for Dr. Chandler, not because of an assurance that he was decided for Mr. Adams, but because I had repeatedly heard him express an opinion favorable not only to Mr. Adams but to Mr. Crawford; because I had frequently heard him say that he should be perfectly satisfied with either of those gentlemen for the next President; because he had said that he would not pledge himself to vote for any particular candidate, but would hold himself at liberty, if he were an Elector, to vote according to circumstances; and because I supposed, from all I had heard him say on the subject, that, if chosen an Elector, he would be governed, in giving his vote, by what should appear to him to be the wishes of the nation and the best interests of this State. These were the considerations which moved me in giving my vote for Judge Chandler. An Elector of different views I did not want, nor would I support.

Among other things, Mr. Brown says that all who voted for Dr. Chandler, voted also for the Resolve recommending Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell.—He is as unfortunate in his inferences as in his facts. I voted against the passage of that Resolve, and I hazard nothing in saying that others who voted for Dr. Chandler voted also against the Resolve.

That the Chairman voted in favor of the Resolve in question, is a fact, he himself admits.

I do not make this statement from any motives of hostility to Mr. Brown, or to any other person; but merely to do away some erroneous impressions which he seems to have received, and to show that the first notice which was taken of the meeting, by the Argus, was substantially correct.

How far the occasion may have justified the remarks in Mr. Brown's concluding paragraph, I leave to the determination of those who may feel the force of them.

THOMAS CROCKER.

We, the undersigned, were present at the Convention held at Paris, on the 9th of June last; and on the passage of the Resolve recommending Messrs. Fillebrown and Campbell, as Electors at large, we counted six hands up, and no more. We thought at the time, and we still think, that we counted correctly. That there were at least five who voted against the passage of the Resolve, is a fact distinctly known to some of us. We left the Convention under the strongest impressions and belief that but few, if any more than half the number of the members present voted on the question at all.

THOMAS CROCKER,
E. K. GOODENOW,
E. L. HANLIN,
THOMAS WEBSTER.

I was present at the meeting above mentioned. It was my impression at the time, and it is my belief now, that six only voted in favor of the Resolve in question.

J. S. KEITH.

LOVELL'S FIGHT.

There are few circumstances in the history of this County that can interest us much. The details of the privations of those hardy yeomen, who first ventured to establish themselves here, are generally similar, and contain little or nothing of those fearful sufferings and sanguinary struggles which, in many places, occurred, before the harvest could be reaped in security, or before the musket could be laid aside, as indispensable, for the acquisition of food, or the safety of the owner. Lovell's fight, so called, is, however, an exception, and stands forth a prominent feature not only in our sectional history, but in that of New-England. Its principal incidents have always been held in traditional recollection, and frequently form the theme of discourse around the fire-side of every cottage that is sprinkled amid the valleys of the White Hills, or on the banks of the Saco and Androscoggin. It was one of those events whose happening in the infancy of a people, redeems their history from forgetfulness, and forms to after generations ample incentives to body forth the imaginations of the Poet and Novelist. It was a victory, in which, we feel ourselves much interested. The battle ground is familiar to us—we are tenants of the soil, which was peopled by those who here laid down their lives to defend it—we are continually disturbing the bones of those whose kindred were here laid as low, in endeavoring to protect them from profanation. In this lapse of time, we feel our sympathies awakened—and it is with no common interest, that we look out upon the shifting features of that bloody and desperate fight, which nearly exterminated one of the Indian tribes, and read to the survivors so plainly, the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the wave of the white man would eventually roll over the land of the red one, submerging him and his works in entire ruin. It was fought on Saturday the 8th day of May, 1725, on the borders of Lovell's Pond, in Fryeburg, and lasted more than ten hours. Lovell's company, at its commencement, mustered 33 men, and the Indians were supposed to number between 70 and 80, less than twenty of whom, are said to have escaped from the fight, and of Lovell's men fifteen were killed and most of the others badly wounded. It seems that Capt. Lovell, who had been somewhat distinguished in the Indian wars, in the spring of 1725 rallied a company of men from Dunstable and its adjacent towns, and marched to the Eastward, calculating, by some bold demonstration to give security to the frontier settlers, who were at

that time much harassed by the Indians, and, if circumstances permitted, to chastise them by battle. About 40 miles from the head quarters of the Pigwacket tribe he raised a small stockade on the Ossipee river, and garrisoning it with nearly a fourth part of his men, for a place of retreat, in case of disaster, he marched boldly with the rest in quest of the enemy. On the morning of the 8th of May, while the company were at prayers, the report of a fire-arm was heard, and shortly afterward an Indian was discovered on a point of land, projecting into Saco Pond, since named Lovell's. It was conjectured, that the Indians were at hand, in force, and a consultation was immediately entered into, when it was determined; "We came out to see the enemy; we have all along prayed God we might find them; and we had rather trust Providence with our lives, yea, die for our country, than try to return without seeing them, if we might, and be called cowards for our pains." Disburthening themselves, therefore, of their packs, they proceeded with great circumspection and soon shot the Indian, who, however, before falling, returned his fire, and severely wounded Captain Lovell. After proceeding some distance, and finding nothing to confirm their suspicions, they returned to their packs, and were here encountered by the whole body of the Indians, who had taken possession of them. It was an open heath on the Northeasterly margin of the pond, of considerable extent, containing a few large scattering pines, on whose trunks are still said to be visible the scars of the battle. The Indians rose up suddenly from the ground upon both sides, and rushing upon Lovell's company, calculated to crush them at once by superior force. Capt. Lovell instantly formed his men into a column of defence, and waiting the approach of the Indians, as is said, until within twice or thrice the length of their pikes, delivered his fire with such certain and deadly effect as instantly strewn the ground with the wounded and the dead. The Indians, disordered in the trepidation of the onset, and owing, probably, in a great measure, to this unaccustomed mode of warfare, effected little or nothing in their first fire. For a few minutes, the battle raged here most fierce and bloody. The hostile ranks had mingled and were operating upon each other, with their various weapons, in all the ways that discipline had learnt, or brutal fury could invent. A sergeant by the name of Fullam was observed to slay a conspicuous Indian, and attacking another, they both fell at the same instant, mutually slain by each other's weapon. For Lovell's men it was victory or death, and each party closed under exasperated feelings, and the full conviction that its own safety depended upon the destruction of the other.—The discipline of the soldier, however, prevailed, and the Indians were driven in all directions a number of rods, and with comparatively great slaughter. They, however, instantly poured in again upon Lovell's men, and succeeded in surrounding them, who, finding their captain and eight others slain, and many desperately wounded, immediately effected a retreat to the shore of the Pond, and interposed between them and their pursuers an elevation of the land, from whence they could continue the engagement, on their part, with less bloody effect. The Indians followed them boldly and seemed determined to rout them from their covert. The condition of Lovell's party, at this time, most to themselves have seemed most deplorable—one half of their number had been slain or desperately wounded—they were fifty miles in a wilderness—they had lost all their baggage—and a savage force, nearly quadruple their own was hanging upon three sides of them, and evincing an obstinate determination for their dislodgment and massacre. They, however, put on a bold face, and made a spirited resistance. Their chaplain, a young gentleman of promise, who had received a collegiate education, about this time was mortally wounded, and unable to sustain himself any longer in the fight. He, however, continued to encourage the rest, and prayed several times audibly and distinctly for their salvation and success. The Indians, in the mean time, continued to fill the woods with the most hideous noises, by imitating the wild beasts, and occasionally sounding together the war-whoop, of itself enough to strike terror upon the stoutest heart. Lovell's men answered them in defiance, by loud and protracted huzzas! The fight raged here until sun down, alternating from frequent and desperate charges from the whole force of the Indians, to a kind of individual and partisan combat, which was singularly suited to the circumstances of the place, and in all the wiles of which, the combatants on both sides were fully versed. In one of these latter kind of encounters, Pergus, the Sachem of the Pigwacket tribe, was slain. It seems, that many of the guns on both sides had become so foul from frequent discharges, that it became necessary to cleanse them. Pergus, and Chamberlain, one of Lovell's men, discovered each other, upon the margin of the Pond, whilst washing their guns, and each prepared with his utmost celerity, to take the life of his foe.—Chamberlain, from the circumstance of his piece priming itself from the charge, by a violent and sudden blow upon the barrel, shot Pergus to the heart as he was bringing his rifle to a level, which, however in falling he discharged with such precision of aim, that the ball passed within a few inches of his antagonist's head. At one time the fire had slackened on the part of the Indians, and they seemed to be engaged in some kind of ceremony on the spot where the fight had first commenced; but ensign Wyman, creeping up and shooting the principal actor, disorganized their pow-wow, and renewed the contest. It seems the parties were so near each other, that they frequently conversed; the Indians, holding up ropes, ask-

ed Lovell's party if they would take quarter—they were answered "no quarter, but at the muzzles of our pieces." After dark, the Indians retired, and the remnant of Lovell's band about midnight took up their line of march for the fort, unmolested. Among the wounded they were unable to bring off, was Lieut. Robbins, who requested his companions to load his piece heavily and lay it beside him, declaring he would kill one more Indian, as they would come to scalp him in the morning. They had scarcely gone a mile before four of their comrades fell by the way, utterly unable to proceed; the rest, with heavy hearts, pushed on for the fort, expecting to find succour. Here it was deemed expedient to divide themselves into three parties for safety in case of pursuit, and the larger one soon arrived at the fort; but found it abandoned. A miscreant who had deserted in the beginning of the fight, carried back with him such fearful news, that the garrison, though consisting of ten men, immediately fled with precipitation. The survivors of the battle dropped in upon the nearest settlements, one after another, to the number of eighteen; and these who had been more severely wounded, and came in last, underwent incredible hardships, from the nature of their wounds and the want of food. The escape of a private, named Kies, was very providential. Being wounded in three places, and thinking himself about to die, but wishing to see his person, he flung himself into a canoe, that lay by the beach, and committed himself to the sport of the waves. The wind drove him on several miles towards the fort—he gained strength, and eventually reached his home in safety. Col. Tyng soon marched with a company of men from Duxbury to visit the battle ground, and to perform the last sad rites over those who had fallen so bravely. Twelve were found and decently interred. Curiosity leading him to examine a singular elevation raised where the Indians had fallen, he found it to be the grave of Pergus, there buried with two others. Ensign Wyman, the only officer among five that escaped, was presented with a silver hilted sword and the commission of captaincy for his bravery; and the survivors generally received the heart-felt thanks of their fellow-citizens, as by their spirited exertions, the savages were restrained from further depredations, and had moved deeper into the wilderness.—Some years after, an Indian, said to be the son of Pergus, was known to be in the neighborhood where Chamberlain then lived. As his adventure with Pergus had spread abroad, and he well knew the principles of revenge that influenced the Indians, he kept a wary eye upon this stranger. He was discovered in ambush one morning with his rifle pointed to Chamberlain's door. The son was supposed to fall by the same weapon, that had proved fatal to his father. Another of the same tribe, as is said, undertook to revenge the death of his Sachem. Chamberlain was at work in a saw-mill, in the night—the Indian to be sure, approached within a few feet of him, and discharged his fire-arm.—An accidental change of position that Chamberlain happened, at that instant, to make, saved his life. He held in his hand a massive iron crow: at one stroke, the Indian disappeared under the machinery of the mill and was crushed to pieces. Chamberlain subsequently died peacefully in his bed, and of a good old age.

VIATOR.

It is a trite, but a true maxim, that every generation grows wiser and wiser. The man who wraps himself up in tradition, denounces every thing like improvement in art or case. He trudges along the path of his forefathers, let it be ever so rough or miry; he clammers over the cliff, while his route over the plain is easy and more direct. I am pleased to see this golden age of improvement tearing off the traditional shackles of antiquity. Who, in these regenerated days, will not smile at the strange infatuation of our fathers, the good old Pilgrims, in their rigid observance of the seventh day? In those days of iron principles and rigid morals, the youth were required to attend divine service so often as the returning sabbath arrived. With attentive ears and eager eyes, they were obliged to catch every drop that fell from the sanctuary, or subject themselves to parental reproof, ecclesiastical censure, and the ban of civil order. Not so in our golden age. "Our lines have fallen in pleasant places." Our youth who are so unfashionable as to attend divine service, will tell you the Sabbath was made for rest. How enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the change! All the anxieties and cares of life are in a moment, as if by magic, dispelled; a sweet spell of felicity seizes all the faculties. The odours of vials and fragrance of roses add enchantment; a few solitary fans, put in motion by those whose minds are most unnaturally bent upon the speaker, wake the breeze. How much more exquisite is the enjoyment of such a sleeping reverie, than an attentive fixedness upon the man in black, whose "very words" perhaps "would harrow up your soul." And then, beauty never appears half so enchanting to slumber under the soft tones of ecclesiastical music! How delightful the

THE OLIVO.

A young gentleman weeping o'er a grave, to an inquiry replied (in substance) as follows.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Ask'st thou, who sleeps beneath this grassy mound?
I will reply, though every word's a wound:
Fair innocence and virtue slumber here;
Virtue unvalued made that virtue dear.
Could wealth relieve, could pleading virtue save
One destined victim from the conquering grave,
***** had lived, to bless a parent's care;
And I had hoped, with them, her love to share.
Vain, sordid wish, for one who fondly thought
His happiness, with hers, but cheaply bought:
Yet when I saw her yielding up her breath,
And gently sinking in the arms of death,
As pure, as spotless, as when life was given,
I would have snatch'd her from the joys of Heaven.
O! sacrilegious wish—vain, selfish heart:
And dar'd I grudge my God this better part?
But death arrives; his fatal mandate brings
His order, signed by that great king of kings;
She yields, obedient to the sovereign call;
She dies, admired, beloved and mourned by all.
Like some fair flower, cropt in early bloom,
She droops her head, and withers to the tomb.
But few the flowers such brilliant tints disclose—
View her just emblem in the new-born Rose,
As fair, as fragrant, and as fragile too,
As opening buds, bedeck'd with early dew,
Whose spreading beauties greet the morning sun;
But fade, ere half his destin'd course is run—
Such was her form. But can we hope to find
As fitting emblem for her spotless mind?
Ah! no—twere fruitless. Let us, then, forbear—
In Heaven she lives—Seek, then, her emblem there.

ELLEN.

THE CONTRAST.

How pleasant the morning! how fair and how bright!
The Earth strew'd with flowers, the senses delight;
My heart beats with rapture, while thus I'm abroad,
To hear silent nature proclaiming her God.

See yonder dark cloud portentous arise,
The bright forked lightnings are cleaving the skies.
Hark! hear the loud thunder, tho' distant it rolls,
Shake earth to its centre, and men to their souls!

The wind, hail and thunder, and lightning unite
In one scene of terror—how awful the sight!
All fraught with destruction, to earth they are hurl'd,
Like the last groans of nature, or crash of a world.

OXFORD POET.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

From the American Baptist Magazine.

ON THE PLEASURES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"
"Sabbath and sanctuary privileges," are among the most valuable blessings which the Christian enjoys. They cheer and animate his soul, and inspire him with fresh confidence and zeal.

How refreshing is the Sabbath to the weary Christian, after a week of restless anxiety, toil, and labor! It relieves his mind from the cares and fatigues of the world, and he enjoys, for a season, uninterrupted peace and tranquillity. Every earthly object is banished from his mind, and the glories of the eternal world rise in prospect before him! Auspicious day! "the best of all the seven." Thou art ever charming, ever lovely. I will welcome thy approach, and enter upon thy duties with joy and delight. Let the world spend this sacred day as they please, "as for me, I will devote it to the Lord." Gladly will I enter the courts of Zion and join in the worship of the Most High. Inestimable privilege! I would not exchange it for all the wealth and honor of which the world can boast. In this delightful service would I spend my days, and employ my latest breath. "A day spent in thy house," O Lord, "is better than a thousand" elsewhere.

But why am I so passionately fond of the Temple of the Lord? Why do I approach it with such feelings of holy joy, and leave it with so much reluctance? Is it from any principles of religion I possess? Or is it owing to an attachment to a beloved pastor, whose touching eloquence and vehement fervor

"Warms the passions, and proselytes the heart?"

I see others, who are esteemed for their virtue and religion, manifesting almost a total indifference to the services of the house of God, and while I am sitting in "breathless silence," with a heart "burning within me," feasting upon the luxuries of an intellectual banquet, they remain dispassionate and unmoved, and perhaps either carelessly gazing upon the audience, or indulging in a quiet slumber.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

The Critics on the fair sex tell us they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquettish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are! It is the fable of the lion and the man—but since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous to indulge the passion. Though they have learnt to paint their sketches of man are gentle and kind. But if the ladies were what surely misanthropes call them, who is to blame them? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them? Is it not surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms—her taste—her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions—that there is nothing so barbarous which she cannot soften—nothing so elevated that she cannot subdue?—when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day—that her form is fairer than summer—more refreshing than spring—that her lips are vermilion—that her skin combines the whiteness of the lily with the carnation of the rose? Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures—that she requires no talent but that of the arrangement of parties—no ideas beyond the thought of an

afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, or to soil their whiteness in domestic employments?—Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her the look of seriousness chases from her cheek the dimple, in which the loves and graces wanton—that reflection crowns her brow with care, and she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive? How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught, is, that beauty supercedes and dispenses with every other quality—that all she need to know is, that she is pretty—that to be intelligent is to be pedantic; and that, to be more learned than one's neighbor, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation? Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of beaux, since he condescends to do with awkwardness what the monkey can do with grace. With all, she is a goddess, and to her, all men are equally mortal. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be constant when there is no superiority? Is she capricious? Can she be otherwise, when she hears the universe must be proud to wait on her commands—that the utmost of a lover's hopes is to be the humblest of her slaves—that to fulfil the least of her commands is the highest ambition of adorers? And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation; when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wise to please. The ladies do not force the taste of men—they only adapt themselves to it. They may corrupt, and be corrupted—they may improve and be improved.

Marriage.—A Husband and a wife, who love and value each other, show their children and servants how they should behave. Those who live in contention and despise each other, lose much of their authority, and teach their children to act unnaturally.

Proud Men never have substantial friends: neither in prosperity, because they know nobody—nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them. A man had better be familiarly pleasant, on all occasions, than supercilious.

Feeling and Fortitude.—The man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious, but pliant full eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath, the callous hearted man, whatever be his mental powers resembles the colossal marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but from its cold touch and shelterless capital, we turn to the leafy bower, and to the warm cottage. He alone is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered with the softer feelings; he then receives uncorrupted, the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by the blasts of adverse fortune; he bears about him, for himself and others every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE BROKEN VOW; A Village Tale.

"But let the world say what it will,
Though sorrows may a while intrude,
Fair wisdom's voice is faithful still,
Still, to be blest, is to be good."

"He will not come to-night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber window on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark rain clouds gathering in the sky; "he will not come to-night—it is past his hour—ah, he did not use to be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised."—The word died upon her lips; she recollected the coldness—the tone of ambiguity, with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her, and in a confused and embarrassed manner, though with much parade of his regret and disappointment, assured her it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed. She remembered, how her heart sunk within her at the moment, and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. That then, for the first time, she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love—for the first time, felt the force of the remark, which she had so often heard, "Men's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True he had broken his first engagement, but he had represented to her the imperative necessity of the measure, and she had acquiesced in it. True he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite, she could not believe him unfaithful; but she had his promise, she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful; she could not believe him perjured. At last, after an absence of a week which seemed to her a year, he visited the house again; he once more mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed the same he had always been, and she was happy. But he retired before the family: this cost her a night's rest; it was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still, she endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon every thing; she strove to acquit him in her heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and from their piercing vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with most consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large cir-

cle of acquaintance, and Theodore was also a favorite; in parties they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness on another. The generous girl forgave him until forgiveness became a crime, committed against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve, she soon found ample evidence of what she most feared. His visits grew less and less frequent, until, at length they were discontinued altogether.

Woman-like in the deepest of her sorrows she retired, as it were, within herself, and secure in the confidence that not even her nearest relatives or friends knew any thing of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on a smile as sweet, if not as gay, before the world. But heroically as she played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her frame: she pined away, day after day; the paleness of departed health blanched her young cheek, and she roved in the stillness of the evening, among the tombs of her fathers in the church-yard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief, but he who was its cause; and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the rapid decay of her health, and as the family had some relative in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there. The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of scenes and circumstances; new friends and acquaintances, and the kindness she experienced in her new abode, dispelled much of the cherished gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her almost inanimate frame. The glow of health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful island. A year had not elapsed, before the hand of one of the wealthiest merchants in the island was offered her. He was all that the young maiden heart admires—generous, noble, and virtuous; and of years suited to her own. She accepted it and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now awaited anxiously for the opportunity; but a variety of causes prevented it, year after year, a beautiful family of boys and girls grew around her; her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business. And twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in which time, she had never made an inquiry about, or once heard of her former lover. Now, Mr. Leferé retired from business, and proposed accompanying her, with her family, to America. They reached Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut-street to the old family mansion. It remained unaltered; her father and her mother, the old servants, her former friends, who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she planted in the yard had grown up beautiful trees. Her name remained where she had engraven it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before, and she sat down by it—called back the recollections of by-past times, and wept—yet these were tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

Mr. Leferé took a fine establishment in Chestnut-street, and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought out such objects of distress, as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve. One day, riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor, half-clothed man, lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying bitterly by his side, to which he paid no attention. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, inquired why he disregarded the child, and whose it was? "It is my own," said he, "I came out, hoping to get a place for it in yonder house, and could not; it is almost starved, and I have not the means to procure food for myself or it." She gave him a small sum and directed him to call at her house the next day. He received it with tears and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed, the poor man, with his helpless child, waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactress. Mrs. Leferé sent for them into the breakfast room, as soon as the family had dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had bro't himself to poverty and want. The man spoke out honestly. Intemperance, he said, was the great cause, but his troubles had driven him to that. "I once saw better days," said he, "I was a partner in a mercantile concern—I married—I was deceived—the mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts, left me with a libertine, whose addresses she had long received; I drowned my sorrows, and sunk my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—I am destitute of friends and employment."

"And what is your name?" asked Emma.
"Theodore W—," he replied after a moment's hesitation. The kind lady turned pale and trembled; she gazed at him—she recognized in him the faithless Theodore.

"At last, then," said she, affecting to be calm, "you have learned to keep your promises—you called at the time appointed—I will provide a place for yourself and child."

"Ah," said he, "you know me.—When you asked my name, I dared not tell you an untruth; but I hoped it had been forever blotted from your memory. I watched your fortunes—rejoiced at your prosperity—I cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted all my powers. But broken vows come back to their author in the end and mine has ruined me forever."

He covered his face and wept.—She left him, and having consulted with Mr. Leferé, procured

him a situation in an honest occupation, and placed the child at school.

Thus was the maxim verified, "all is for the best to the innocent and the virtuous," and thus it is that vice works out its own reward at last.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

LEND ME YOUR PAPER IF YOU PLEASE;

Yes Sir, if you will return it soon, as I have not perused it.—Pleased or not pleased, perused or not perused, it must be lent, or I must be called a stingy fellow, and we who pay for the paper have no more good of it, than those who borrow. For my part, I hate to deny a neighbor the use of a newspaper, it is so trifling an accommodation, so trifling, that I should think every man of spirit, however poor in purse, might contrive to take one paper at least, for his information, especially if he has a family of children.

Printers must live on something else besides ink and paper, and while they press for the people, they ought not to be pressed by the people. I am sensible that a printing establishment must be an expensive and laborious undertaking, without the aid of a liberal subscription list; but if every subscriber lends his paper to six or eight borrowers, the Printer cannot have many good subscribers on his list. For my part I take an extra paper, which I send to a poor relation of mine in the country, and I think that a great many of us who can afford to take one paper, can afford two, then we can have the satisfaction of helping our printer, of lending a paper to a poor neighbor, and then sending it to a distant relation, and by this means much useful information may be diffused at the expense of smoking one or two cigars the less, per week, or of not filling our snuff boxes or wine glasses so often.

I have long been in the habit of filing my papers but found it very troublesome, while I was obliged to lend, therefore I thought best to take an extra paper to accommodate my poor neighbors. By the bye, some of my poor neighbors are much better off than myself. I asked one of them the other day, why he dropped, (or stopped taking) the paper. Because said he, that communication run afoot of me, and I don't want any more of his papers? Ah, and why do you want to read mine? Because, I want to see what they have got in to day that takes us off? Very well squire, then you like to see squibs; but don't like to pay for the powder. Now squire, I consider a newspaper as useful, as a livery stable, or a tavern. It is to accommodate the public, and if we don't get the worth of our money it is not the fault of the printer, the ostler or the tavern keeper. We are as much indebted to them for our fare, as they are to us for our encouragement, and I think a newspaper a very useful public accommodation, as much as any thing that comes between black and white, and if our thick skulls cannot comprehend the true meaning of every paragraph or communication, without stopping the paper, why I think it would be cheaper for the Printer, not to enlist such soldiers into his columns, unless he has a strong reinforcement of sensible subscribers, who have independence and courage enough (with all their ingenuity) to stand the shock of newspaper bulletins.

"Honi soit, qui mal y pense."

DIAMOND.

ANECDOTES.

During the revolutionary war, two brothers, from one of the eastern ports, were commanders of privateers—they cruised together, and were eminently successful doing great damage to the enemy and making much money for themselves. One evening being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they spied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her, but to their astonishment, found her a frigate disguised. A very light breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions—one only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem—on a sudden he halted down every sail, and all hands employed with setting poles, as if showing the vessel off a bank! The people on board the frigate were amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately claved off, and left the moor knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," as soon as the night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep!

Among a variety of stratagems practiced in this part of the country to obtain titles to lands, was one which will be best explained by the following anecdote related by a respectable citizen of St. Genevieve. Preparatory to taking possession of Louisiana, in 1803, the legislature passed a law, authorizing a claim to one section of land, in favor of any person, who should have actually made improvements in any part of the same previous to the year 1804. Commissioners were appointed to settle all claims of this description, more commonly known by the name of Improvement Rights. A person somewhere in the county of Cape Girardeau, being desirous of establishing a claim of this kind to a tract of land, adopted the following method.—The time having expired for the establishment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the law, he took with him two witnesses to the favorite spot, on which he wished to establish his claim, and in their presence marked two trees, standing on opposite sides of a spring, one with the figures 1803, and the other 1804 and placed a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then brought the witnesses before the commissioners, who, upon their declaration that they had seen corn growing at the place specified, in the spring between 1803 and 1804, admitted the claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to the land.

From Major Long's Narrative.

A religious society in Pennsylvania, some years ago, built a very elegant meeting-house, had it all completed, with the exception of a lightning rod. Soon after much damage was done in the neighborhood by lightning, when the proprietors became alarmed and called a meeting to hear the minds of each member. An elderly German who owned many shares, arose and addressed the assembly thus:—Shenitcomans, weef pin tu crate tele draubles unt crate tele spense to pilt a house for Got Almytis unt cive hym to hym, now if Got Almytis min tu dunder on his own hous, unt pun him up, let him dander den. I schell not wote for de dander rod.

VOL. I.

is published

For the Prop

No paper di
but at the opl
ADVERTISE
the usual ter
All lett
post paid.

*The Pub
notice, that w
ally correct, h
any error in a
charged for it

From "Am
It is related
who fought at
perately woun
in that condit
yond the read
is, considering
that day's sa
sufferings were
[This is inc
name was Kie
himself into a
mercy of the v
towards the
safety.]—Ea.

In their coffin
But a birchen
Which contain
A soldier in ba

Thou pale, ble
Oh, whither, o
That soldier sa
Laid down in t

That birchen c
To find out a p
And wreaths m
And fairies by

For a coffin, th
And the mirth
For a shroud o
bloom,
And fairies by

We are ab
very singular
affair, which
of the French
A man of f
es to a youn
tinguished m
in fortune, a
her gallant v
females seld
are taught to
themselves.

however, fro
match. The
finding it imp
stacy of the
charmer's co
of matrimony
with the par
persist in den
self on this h
ing from the
sions is visib
to become hi
the marriage

It happened
that the husb
ly bride, bein
ordered to ad
his immediate
no less urg
parties; how
sense to opp
fection and fi
tion of seeing
an alteration
them an op
every way be
died pair.

For some
husband bein
tuous seas, d
wers to his
pect. This
climate, ren
altogether in
letters had m
ent to desist
his sentiment
strangers, or
er reason wh
the present c
tolary corre
had of shortl
presence of l
ly exceed al